

*Golden Moneta*

# M I R R O R

AND

## STUDENTS' REPOSITORY.

An Monthly Periodical devoted to the interests of Common School Education, Science, and Literature.

VOL. I.

NEWBURY, DECEMBER, 1841.

NO. 12.

**TERMS.**—FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM for single copy. Eleven copies for five dollars. Payment must always be made in advance. Communications and subscriptions, post paid, may be addressed to the "Mirror," Newbury, Vt.

### ENIGMA.

Would you know my name, Oh seek me where  
The loveliest forms of beauty are;  
The purest thing and the brightest hue—  
The most-rose's heart just washed with dew.

'Tis a mystery whereabouts I dwell,  
No mortal ken can see it well;  
'Tis enough for thee, ye may not see  
The hiding place of my mystery.

Did ye ne'er hear of a fairy sprite,  
When ye question her she's out of sight;  
And then again on the sight appear,  
Though nought proclaimed that she was near?

And thus it is, when I come and go,  
As moon-beams flit o'er the frozen snow,  
Or the first blush on the morning's face  
When the sable night resigns her place.

To the lover's heart I'm very dear,  
I men too when the god is near;  
Aye, let them talk of the tell-tale eye,  
The heaving breast, and the heart-felt sigh;

The eye may speak though the heart be froze,  
As the diamond lays on the chilling snows;  
And hush our breaths to the softest sighs  
Like the wind, though its path o'er beauty lies;

But mark when the mystic maze is near,  
It augurs well that the heart's sincere.  
Would you know my name, Oh! seek me where  
The beings most like angels are.

I think you'll blush when I avow  
That twice I've told my name to you,  
Yes, as plain as words can be  
I've told you my orthography.

### THE DELUGE.

#### DR. WOODWARD'S THEORY.

Many of the old Philosophers suppose that the numerous fossils which abound in the more recent formations were deposited at the time of the Noachian deluge, and have adapted their theories to account for these depositions. Dr Wood-

ward maintained, that the solid parts of the earth, as its stones, minerals, and metals were perfectly dissolved in the waters of the deluge, and were afterwards precipitated, according to their relative specific gravities, and during this formation, the numerous shells and fossils, which escaped the general destruction, were entombed in the new formed earth. Some of our best divines, among whom we find Dr. Adam Clarke, were supporters of this theory.

**DR. A. CLARK'S OPINION.**—"It appears that an immense quantity of water occupied the centre of the antediluvian earth, and as these burst forth by the order of God, the circumambient strata must sink, in order to fill up the vacuum occasioned by the elevated waters. This is probably what is meant by the "breaking up of the great deep," "These two causes concurring ("the breaking up of the great deep," and "the opening of the windows of heaven") were amply sufficient, not only to overflow the earth, but probably to dissolve the whole terrene fabric, as some judicious naturalists have supposed,—and when the supernatural cause that produced this mighty change suspended its operations, the different particles of matter would settle according to the specific gravities and thus form the various strata or beds of which the earth appears to be internally constructed."

But no man acquainted with modern science can for a moment, it would seem, place any confidence in this theory. What powerfully solvent properties the waters of the deluge must have possessed! In a few days, the whole earth was dissolved, excepting, indeed, a few shells, and animal and vegetable substances, but since the deluge, though our silicious rocks have been exposed to the action of water for the last 4000 years, not a particle of their substance has been dissolved.—According to this theory, how powerful must have been the subverting agency seated within the earth, for it corresponds with general observation, that rocks do not occur in the order of their relative specific gravities. Rocks, comparatively light, are situated deeply below the earth's crust, and hence, according to this theory, they have been entirely overturned by volcanic action.

#### M. DE LE PRYME'S THEORY.

This author avoids some of the difficulties connected with the preceding theory, but advances an opinion which is altogether improbable. He supposes that the Antediluvian world had dry land

and sea similar to what we now witness, and by volcanic agency, the mighty pillars which supported this earthly fabric, gave way, the dry land was depressed, and the waters of the ocean submerged it. The present dry land, he affirmed, was the bed of the primitive ocean, and all the fossils in the earth were deposited in the ocean previously to the deluge. That most of the fossils were deposited in the deep sea, we fully believe, but that such great physical changes, as this theory supposes, took place at the time of the deluge can never be rendered probable.

#### MR. KING'S THEORY.

Mr. King, De Luc, and others have slightly altered, and improved the preceding theory. They supposed that powerful volcanic agency was exerted under the primitive ocean, and threw up those extensive mountains which diversify every country, and, as a natural result, must have caused the primitive dry land to become submerged.

#### MR. WHITEHURST'S THEORY.

He advocated the doctrine of central heat, and explained the universal deluge on this principle. All bodies expand under the influence of heat, but bodies of different densities, expand differently, thus the gases which are the lightest bodies, expand the most. Heat also pervades small bodies sooner than large ones and causes them sooner to expand. The crust of the earth under the sea, he supposed, to have been thinner than the crust under the dry land, hence the bottom of the sea would be so elevated, as to cause the waters of the ocean to overflow the dry land. The expansive power of heat continuing to increase, the surface of the earth would become rent, and the waters would flow into the heated interior. The water, being instantly converted into steam, would produce an explosion which would entirely destroy the primitive formation. As the fragments of the earth were brought together by attractive power, and the waters retired into their deep caverns, gulfs and chasms would be formed and numerous fossils would be embedded in the earth.

#### SIR HENRY ENGLEFIELD'S CALCULATION.

"The diameter of the earth being taken at 8000 miles, and the highest mountains being supposed four miles high above the level of the sea, the quantity of water requisite to cover them, will be a hollow sphere of 8008 miles diameter, and four miles thick, the contents of which in round numbers is 800,000,000 cubic miles. Let us now

suppose the globe of the earth to consist of a crust of solid matter, 1000 miles thick, inclosing a sea or body of water 2000 miles deep, within which is a central nucleus of 2000 miles in diameter; the contents of that body of water will be 109,200,000,000 cubic miles, or about 137 times the quantity of water required to cover the surface of the earth as above stated: Now water by experiment, expands about one 25th of its whole magnitude from freezing to boiling, or one 100th of its magnitude for 45° of Fahrenheit's thermometer. Suppose then, that the heat of the globe, previously to the deluge, was about 50° of Fahrenheit's, a temperature very near that of this climate, and that a sudden change took place in the interior of the globe, which raised its heat to 83°, a heat no greater than the marine animals live in, in the shallow seas between the tropics; these 33° of augmented heat would so expand the internal sea, as to cause it to more than cover the surface of the globe, according to the conditions above mentioned, and if the cause of heat ceased, the waters would of course, in cooling, retire into their former places."

#### DR. JOHN FYE SMITH'S THEORY.

He supposes that only a part of the earth was in an inhabitable state at the time of the creation of Adam, and that the deluge was not universal, but that it covered only that part of the earth which was then inhabited. He maintains that as the deluge was punitive in its character, there could be no reason why the whole earth should become submerged.

At a favorable time we shall be happy to present, what we believe to be the true theory, respecting this subject.

#### HOME.

Around home's fireside a Tenthon sweetly lingers. To mention this word to an absent child awakens a thrilling pleasure in his bosom. It was there he received life—there a kind mother cared him, and anxiously watched over him—yes, daily, and hourly gazed upon him with a *Mother's love*. In that place the principles of education and virtue were first implanted in his bosom.

View that family circle collected around the "Old fire place," what joy may be seen in the countenance of the Father, as he looks around upon his children and companion. But when the Mother casts her eye upon those sweet prattlers, and her partner, the beams of heaven itself radiate from her care-worn face. O happy scene! but not the *happiest*. Soon the father takes the "old family bible"—now cheerful conversation is hushed—all is silent, he reads—and then in sweet harmony all blend their voices in singing a song of Zion; now, all kneeling, the humble prayer is heard in sweet tones, ascending on faith's pinions to the upper world, breathing gratitude for past favors, and imploring blessings still to rest upon them.

The morning has arrived, when the son is to be

separated from that circle, to seek his fortune in some distant land; as he is leaving, the house he turns to survey once more those objects so dear to him. A thousand recollections rush into his mind—he hears the sighs of his brothers, and sisters, their fast falling tears too plainly speak their anguish—his bosom swells with grief—he can refrain no longer, and gives vent to his feelings, mingling floods of tears with those around him.—He takes the parting hand—the scene is painful—the last embrace of a mother is received and he leaves the paternal roof. But we will follow him to a distant clime. When he rides calmly on the ocean's wild bosom, he is reminded of a kind home. At midnight when the howling blast engorges the deep ocean—and its high billows dash upon the vessel—when the terrific lightning darts into the liquid element, and the rumbling thunder rolls majestically by—his thoughts fly home.

See the young warrior as he views the enemy slowly but firmly approaching—the bugle sounds the preparatory note. His thoughts revert to his home and he grasps with trembling hand, more firmly his sword, or musket and boldly rushes among the bristling bayonets, slaying upon the right and left, with a fatal determination that his friends, his country and home shall be free or his body shall mold on the battle field.

No word is more dear to the student than home. How readily does he break the seal of a message from the place of his nativity—and how anxiously does he await the hour when he shall mingle in sweet devotion around the old family altar.

To the Christian there is almost joy in leaving home, for the painful scene only points him to that happy hour when free from toil and pain and weeping, he shall meet those friends, at a "home o'er yonder skies." No parting tears will ever bedew his cheek in that family circle. No corroding thoughts will trouble his mind then. All will be peace, love and happiness.

UMBRIL.

#### "THE SERAPH'S GARLAND."

There is a country far beyond the skies, where happiness forever dwells, and God forever reigns. 'Tis peopled by spirits, pure and holy; naught they breathe save the gentle breath of love, and naught they speak save sweet affection's words. There everlasting verdure decks the glorious hill-tops, flowers immortal bloom. Yea, they never fade except the foul breath of sin upon them chance to fall. There an eternal sun forever shades its radiance, for the Son of God is the light of that blest, eternal city. There angels dwell, and oft they wing their way to earth. Though man be fallen, mercy reigns in heaven. A seraph came from that fair clime to this lower world. His form appeared among the floating clouds, reflecting light upon the azure sky. Borne on the wings of every breeze, he seemed as one from heaven, yea, as one of those who ever bow before the throne of God, and give divine ascriptions to the

Lord God of Sabbath. As he came he sang a song, a sweet, a holy song and in his hand he held a seraph's harp, and ever and anon he struck a tuneful string, which, as it vibrated, filled the air with sweetest notes—with music which inspired the soul and delighted all who heard it. Upon this harp was placed a garland fair. 'Twas twined by purest hands, upon the "holy hill of Zion."—Its flowers were not of mortal bloom; Ah! no, but they were plucked from bright celestial bowers in heaven. They hung with pearly drops of dew, and from their golden cups came forth richest odor. Truly 'twas glorious, far beyond description. Many wished to wear this garland, and came to the fair seraph hoping to receive it. Beauty came, not doubting but her winning grace, and laughing smiles would win the prize. Upon her brow 'twas placed. Fondly and ardently she hoped 'twould flourish there; but look, it fades. Ah, Beauty may not wear it, she is sinful. Here too came Pleasure, Fashion, Wealth and Fame, Science and the Affections came, but even these may not wear the wreath of heavenly origin; they bear too much the tints of earth. But let us look beyond these earthly ones; in yonder vale there is a form of heavenly brightness, too pure for earth. Her garments are unspotted from the world. Modest, and unassuming, she comes not with the crowd, she seeks not worldly honor, she desires only that which comes from heaven. Ever her mind soars heavenward, and holds communion with her God. The seraph views her purity, and on her brow he casts the garland. She is worthy. Behold it blooms, and flourishes, and there 'tis left, ever to adorn the brow of Virtue.

ANN.

#### THE NEW YEAR.

"Another leaf of finished time we turn."

POLLAK.

The return of anniversary occasions is a period of deep interest to the reflecting mind. Almost every nation has in its history, events which it is accustomed to celebrate with annual honors. But these events are of comparatively limited importance; exciting no interest beyond the bounds of the particular nation that celebrates them. But there is one anniversary that is deeply interesting to every one who takes note of passing time; it is the commencement of a new year.

The revolution of the seasons has brought us again to this period. Standing as we now do, with one foot on the Omega of the buried past, and the other on the Alpha of the unrevealed future, and breathing the air of the infant year, how thrilling are the thoughts, that sweep over the mind. From the past they rush in stormy darkness. Memory waves her magic wand over the chill sepulchre of the departed year, and the mighty events of its history, pass in review before us. Thrones that seemed in the rays of its morning light, to bid defiance to every attempt at sub-

version, now totter to their fall. Crowns, that glittered in the rays of its infant sun, have become dim at the breath of popular disaffection. Its dawning light beheld our own nation wrought up almost to a state of madness, on questions of national policy: one party loud in their denunciations of the measures of government, and sanguine in the hope, that a change in the councils of the nation, would remedy the evils, of which they complained. The other party, loud and unsparing in their approbation of the course of the administration, looked forward to such a change as the sure presage of national ruin.

The change, so much desired by the one, so much dreaded by the other, at length came. A military chieftain, hoary with the honors of the battle field, was called, like a second Cincinnatus, from his plough to the magistracy of his country.

One short month passed by; and e're the child of fortune had time to survey, from the pinnacle of earthly fame, the horizon of human glory, a mysterious Providence dashed him from his lofty height, and mingled the laurel chaplet of the warrior, and the olive wreath of the statesman in one common sepulchre.

But not to nations alone has the past year been crowded with important events; to every community, and to every individual, it has been mighty incident. How often has the cup of joy been dashed from the lips of him, who was preparing to drink it! How often has the cup of sorrow been drained to its very dregs! How many blots have appeared on the sunny page of human life! How often has the burning heart sighed its burning farewell to a parting spirit, that was winging its way to the spirit land! Where are those, who embarked in the ill-fated President? Alas!

"they sleep  
Where none o'er their low graves may weep."

The sighing winds, that chant their funeral dirge, bear upon their wings the melancholy murmur of the distant waves, that roll over the resting places of those whose passage to their watery bed, was lighted by the lurid flames of the burning Erie.

Not only has the voice of sorrow reached us, from those around us, but our own eyes have been dimmed with the tears of woe, and our own hearts have been rung with bitter anguish. We have seen our fairest prospects blighted, and our fondest hopes crushed.

We have seen the companions, with whom we started in the early twilight of the year, one by one, laid away in the halls of forgetfulness: and while we have stood on the crumbling verge of their graves, their voices have rung in our ears, "associates, prepare to die." Spirit of the departed year,

"to thee we turn  
And seek instruction at thy storied urn."

Here will we read the impressive lesson of mortality, and learn to place a proper estimate on

the things of earth: and while we garner up the rich treasures of wisdom that thou hast spread before us, the veil of forgetfulness shall fall on the memory of all thy griefs. Smiling Genius of the infant year, with joy we turn to thee: but not with that unbounded confidence, with which we greeted thy predecessor: for though the bow of promise spans thy sky, yet the past has taught us the bitter truth, that the gorgeous painting of its "seven-fold twine," is but the sport of the sunbeam, on the bosom of the thunder-cloud. While we enter upon thy untried scenes, with spirits chastened at the recollection of the past, we will strive to seize thy light winged minutes as they fly, and stamp them with usefulness; that if we are permitted to write thy epitaph, as thou goest down to the tomb of the buried past, it may tell of all thy moments spent to the glory of God. *OMEGA.*

#### THE STARS.

Bright beautiful and glorious stars,  
That ever, from the chambers of the sky,  
Keep nightly vigils o'er a prostrate world—  
I love to gaze on you—for ye have power,  
Emotions deep and holy, to stir up  
In feeling's hidden fount—and thoughts inspire,  
As pure as those which fill an angel's breast.  
I love you well for from my early days,  
I've found in you, guides, monitors and friends,  
In childhood's wayward hours when I have scorn'd  
A mother's care, and grieved a father's love,  
When I their gentle counsels set at nought,  
And from their kind reproofs unheeding turned—  
At such a time, then I have looked on you,  
And ye so full of mournful sadness seemed,  
So full of mild reproach—so like a friend  
In grief for one he loves—that e'en this heart,  
This wayward, stubborn heart, did melt, and flow  
Like water out, in penitence and love.

And you it was, who first made me to feel  
The great and glorious truth—*there is a God*—  
Ye wrote his name, in characters so plain  
Upon the brow of night, and sung it, as  
Ye paced your wonted rounds, through heaven's  
broad fields,

In notes so loud—touched with the truth sublime  
Low bowed my soul and worshiped him,  
And did I e'er neglect to pay this homage due,  
Did I e'en worship at another shrine—  
And heedless, turn aside from wisdom's path,  
That straight and narrow path, which only can  
Conduct to mansions of eternal rest—

From your calm depths, a voice has reached my ear,  
In tones so mentor-like, so gentle, yet  
Severe, entreating me to learn that I  
Have turned, repentant turned, and sought again  
Sought even with tears, the path from which I'd  
strayed.

And when I've looked upon the earth, its pomp,  
Its power, its pleasures fair, but fleeting as  
The varied hues which form the rainbows' arch,  
When I have seen and felt, yea deeply felt,

That all her 'joys are dreams' and all her hopes  
But goodly shadows in a summer cloud"—  
That there is nought beneath the skies can quench  
The eager thirst of the immortal mind,  
That there is nought secure from change, no sure  
Foundation, upon which, fond man may base  
His happiness—then I have looked on you,  
And ye have taught my soul to trust in Him  
Who knows no change—To build upon the Rock  
Which ages cannot move—and from the fount  
Of living water drink, the streams whereof  
Make glad the city of our God.

Yes, well  
I love you. To my mind ye figure forth  
The watchful care of Him, who Israel guards,  
Whose eye ne'er slumbers, and whose love ne'er  
fades.

Like Him, ye know no change—Such as ye were  
When first you issued from primeval night—  
Such as ye were when ye earth's natal lays,  
In concert with the admiring sons of God  
Rejoicing sang—Such are ye now! Such as  
Ye're now, such shall ye be when you with them  
Shall sing her funeral dirge.

M. M. L.

#### SUCCESSION OF DAYS.

A day is that portion of time which commences at midnight, and closes at the next midnight being 24 hours.

Midnight separates one day from another in relation to longitude, as well as to time, because if we could arrest midnight on its arrival at our meridian, or place, the preceding day being Sunday, it would be Sunday on the west of our place, and Monday on the east, so long as we could arrest it: but midnight constantly moves to the west, at the rate of 15 degrees per hour, and when it is midnight at Illinois, it is about one o'clock here. To give a clear idea of the manner in which one day succeeds another is somewhat difficult, unless we can fix on some meridian, where each day has its origin. Some suppose that each day first touches the earth at the meridian of London, but if that were the case, the first day of January would commence its route in the west part of London, and it would continue to be the first day there, while in the east part, at the same time, it would be the last day of December for 24 hours. Hence if a man were to set out from the east part of London on the last day of December, and travel to the west part, he would find it to be the first day of January there. Then let him return to the east part, and he would find it again to be the first day of December.

Now, on account of the inconvenience of correspondence, and of doing business, it is not probable that each day takes its origin any where in Europe, and, perhaps, not in Asia. It would be more natural to suppose that 180 degrees from London is the meridian under consideration for the falling in of each day, that meridian being remote from many local inhabitants.



Now it is a clear case that if an American ship were to meet an East India ship, on the Pacific Ocean, the crew of each would disagree with the other, in relation to the day of the month.

If the crew of the American ship called it the first day of January, that of the East India ship would call it the second day, but the truth is, if they were to meet on the east side of the meridian aforesaid, it would be the first day of January. If on the west, it would be the second day.

As a matter of convenience for our present purpose, we will suppose Connecticut River to be the line, or meridian, where each day takes its origin, or in other words, the line where the first day of January first touches the earth. At the instant that the new year commences, the last day of December is closed together on Connecticut River, and at that instant, and at that only, does the last day of December cover the earth. Now we will arrest midnight, and talk a minute, for midnight is the time that each day first touches the earth; and we have chosen Connecticut River for the place. The first day of January has now commenced, and has the form of a thread reaching from pole to pole. The last day of December is now opened on Connecticut River to receive the first day of January. Now let midnight pass on to the west till it reaches Lake Champlain, and Hudson's River, which will be in about five minutes. Now it is midnight at the meridian of Lake Champlain, and Hudson's River, and about five minutes past, at Newbury, and it is the first day of January throughout Vermont, but it is still the last day of December in New-Hampshire, and New York. At about one o'clock at Newbury the first day of January will extend to Illinois, and have something of the form of the pupil of a cat's eye, and the morning of the first day of January will follow with midnight the evening of the last day of December till midnight shall arrive at Connecticut River, when and where the second day of January will commence and proceed to the west in like manner.

[We are not able to publish the whole communication of our correspondent, on account of its length, as under other circumstances we should be happy to do.]—ED.

#### THE MISSIONARY.

Other honorable titles may be reiterated in our ears, and notwithstanding the greatness usually attached to them, they fail to inspire in the soul those hallowed associations which cluster around the dearest of all names, (the missionary.) The philanthropist recognizes the title with pleasure, since in this character he beholds the true lover of humanity. The devoted missionary seeks the ignorant, and the oppressed, the degraded, and the desolate, and raises them to the pleasures and enjoyments of civilized life. He sees the impress of his dying Saviour down-trodden and abused; and his unbounded benevolence emanating from

the purest principles, rests satisfied with nothing short of the elevation of the human family from its lowest degradation to the unparalleled eminence of sons and daughters of the Most High.—Here is true courage, a willingness to suffer, if need be, having unshaken confidence in the cheering promise, "Lo I am with you always even unto the end of the world." Here is true patriotism, which extends to the farthest verge of the vast creation of God. This christian philanthropy which prompts to the most vigorous exertion is inspired only by love,—love the most godlike principle that ever actuated the soul of man. Its origin was in heaven. God so loved the world, that he gave the darling of his bosom to purchase its ransom. The devoted missionary, having embraced this heaven-born principle, so loves the souls of his fellow beings, that he is willing to endure the greatest physical sufferings to secure the salvation of his race. If called to affliction, he glories that he is counted worthy to suffer in the cause of his Divine Master. Christian love like this should urge us to untiring exertion. The appalling fact that six hundred millions of our fellow beings are sunk in all the worst degradation of heathenism, should arouse all our energies to prompt, and efficient action.

NYLLA.

#### FLOWERS.

Flowers of all perishing things, are the most perishing, yet, of all earthly things are the most heavenly! Flowers, that unceasingly expand & heaven their grateful, and to man their cheerful looks—partners of human joy, soothers of human sorrows; and like a pleasing companion in solitude, their very looks cheer our drooping spirits; fit emblems of the victor's triumphs; of the young bride's blushes—welcome to crowded halls, and graceful upon solitary graves. Flowers are, in the volume of nature, what the expression, "God is love," is in the volume of revelation. What a dreary place this earth would be without flowers; like a man without education; like a face without a smile—a feast without a welcome! are not flowers the stars of earth? One cannot look closely at the structure of a flower without loving it, it is an emblem of God's love to the creation, which first awakens in the mind of man, a sense of the beautiful and the good. The very inutilty of flowers is their excellence and great beauty; they are pretty lessons in nature's book of instruction, teaching man that his existence is not necessary but designed to contribute to the moral perfection of the world.

In contemplating the structure and grandeur of a flower, I am often led to believe, that I am misplaced in this world—misplaced in life, I know not what I could have been, but I feel, and that sensibly, I am not what I should be.

SOV.

The proudest man on earth is but a pauper, fed and clothed by the bounty of Heaven.

#### PIETY.

"Not to the earth confined,  
Ascends to heaven."

The human mind is so constituted, as to be unsatisfied with earth's enjoyments. It is constantly snaring beyond terrestrial objects, and nought but unfeigned piety, can satiate the desires of an immortal spirit. Mark the sleeping infant, as it points upward to the starry firmament, and gazes with astonishment upon its ineffable glories. Its expanding mind penetrates even those unknown regions, and with its timid voice it inquires,

"Who made the sun to shine afar,  
The moon and every twinkling star?"

The infant becomes a youth. With an increase of stature, is an expansion of intellect. He thirsts for knowledge—he grasps after literary attainments, wealth and honor. He soars to the regions of immensity, and discovers myriads of revolving worlds. He scales the mountains—fathoms the mighty deep—numbers and classifies the varieties of the animal and vegetable creation—investigates the mechanism of art—traces to their causes the lightning and thunder, the roaring tempest, and the earthquake's shock. He becomes familiar with different languages, manners and customs, and perhaps, ascends the pinnacle of earthly honor, and bears the trump of fame. Fashion and splendor surround him, and pleasure's gay song, lures its enrapturing notes, that no desire may be ungratified.

But amid all these earthly endowments and enjoyments, let the question be proposed, "Is thy happiness complete?"—and the reply is, ah! no, the joys of earth cannot satisfy the desires of an immortal mind. Literary acquirements calm not the troubled spirit. The tramp of fame, speaks not peace to the soul. The syren song of pleasure has lost its power to charm, and the voice of flattery delights no more.

But hark! in accents sweet, the gentle voice of piety is heard saying "Embrace Him at whose right hand are pleasures forever more," and thy "peace shall flow like a river, and the righteousness thereof as the waves of the sea." The still small voice is heeded, and now witness the effect. The glittering tinsel of wealth,—the pomp of earth, with all its trifling allurements, vanish like the dew-drop before the morning sunbeam. Ardent and unaffected piety now reigns in the breast, and governs every motion and action. It wishes to repose every discordant passion, and elevates the soul to the sublime enjoyments of heaven.—In short, all is changed, even Nature assumes a new aspect. The warblers of the forest, chant their harmonious notes to their great Creator.—His praise is wafted in every breeze, and the very air seems vocal with the melody of heaven.

The effect of piety is discoverable in all ranks and conditions of life, from the penniless beggar, to the king on his throne. Wherever her benign influence is shed, tranquility and enjoyment, are

the happy results. The unlettered African heeds her gentle call, and is elevated to the society of angels, while the dark-eyed savage by embracing her precepts, becomes gentle as the dove. Piety enters the domestic circle, and each heart beats with a new impulse, at her approach. The spirit of love, glows in every countenance; the morning and evening incense ascends to heaven, and harmonious voices are tuned to Him from whose presence flow perennial pleasures, and enduring delights.

Piety erects her throne among the inhabitants of the vast, howling wilderness, and soon the "desert blossoms as the rose," while from the islands of the sea, is heard a song of praise to Him, who commissioned this ministering spirit to visit their distant shores. The gentle but all-absorbing influence of piety, will ere long rend asunder the bands of the oppressed, and the song of the freed captive, will echo and re-echo, until captivity's dark reign, will be known no more. In every event of life the exercise of this peaceful spirit, imparts a calmness to the soul. She soothes the grief of the wounded spirit, and dissipates the melancholy forebodings of the disconsolate.

She arrests the strong tide of prosperity, and brushes the chill winds of adversity, and when the brilliancy and beauty of youth, is superseded by a furrowed and care-worn brow, this faithful friend forsakes not, but stands ready to administer to every necessity, and provide for every want. She attends the couch of the sick, and smooths the pillow of the dying, and when the curtain which separates time from eternity is drawn aside, this sweet soother of life, guards the spirit from danger, as it passes the "dark valley and the shadow of death," and gently wafts it, to those blissful regions, where happiness sits quiescent on every brow; and the anthems of the redeemed, are borne on every breeze.

ELMIRA.

#### THE MISSIONARY.

He goes with mercy's chalice full,

To pour in sorrow's heart;

And error's sons from folly call,

And share a nobler part.

He goes against a wicked world,

The Messenger of God,

Upraising high, with joy, unfurls,

The banner striped with blood.

He goes commissioned from on high,

To bear the gift of heaven,

To say the sinner may not die

In sin, but live forgiven.

He sees, with heart divinely staid,

The tempest round him rise,

Dangers and ills combin'd invade,

And breath of sick'ning skies.

What! though no loved one should bow,

In prayer beside his bed,

Nor wipe the death-damp from his brow,  
Nor bathe his burning head.

Is mercy's plenteous aid confaied,

To gilded halls and kings?

Will Jesus' tender arms, and kind,

E'er fail his weakest sons?

What, though no monumental pile,

Shall speak his work is done,

And savage, ruthless hands, and vile,

Shall lay him all alone.

Can foreign, hollow winds ne'er knell,

A death-dirge in their roar?

Nor in their silent whispers tell,

The stranger's toil is o'er?

Go, heaven's standard bearer, go,

Go witness for your God;

The glorious news of grace to show,

The nations bought with blood.

#### THE MISSIONARY'S BRIDE.

What to me are golden treasures,

Glitt'ring dust that soon decays?

What to me are earth-born treasures,

Blooming only for a day?

I have seen the world in beauty,

Drest in nature's rich attire;

Glad'ning Spring and Autumn's plenty,

Sweet toned songsters, nature's lyre.

But what's beauty, wealth, or pleasure,

Floating phantoms in the brain?

All the worlds the mind can measure,

Ne'er an hour shall me detain.

'Tis not that my heart's unfeeling,

That earth's pleasures I resign,

'Tis not I have nought endearing,

'Round which, fondly, love entwines.

Were earth happy, gay, and smiling,

Full of virtue, joy, and grace,

None my constant heart beguiling,

E'er should draw from friend's embrace.

But my bosom glows with pity,

Deep the feelings of my heart,

Pagan lands are dark and guilty,

Blessings none to them impart.

Could I nerve an arm 'twould bless them,

Joy a heart that feels for woe,

Nought on earth should keep me from them,

Gladly all things I'd forego.

Should my dearest, sicken, languish,

In a hostile clime afar,

'Twould not fill my heart with anguish,

Friend of Missions would be there.

Yes indeed, with heart unmoved,

Widowed mother, I could die,

Leave my tender babes protected,

Only by my Lord Most High.

If, at last, I may, forever,

Share the stars my husband gains,

Sacrifice I'll mention never,

Heaven will recompense my pains.

#### "THE PEARL LIES DEEPEST."

Far down in the dark caves of the ocean are unseen treasures. Deep in its bed lies the pale, glimmering pearl, that loveliest of gems, and long, and patiently must he labor, who would bring it from its concealment. The gates of the vast deep are for him to unlock, ere he can penetrate those gloomy abodes. Yes, gloomy, and dark they are, but possessing treasures which are not found on the bright spots of earth; gems which when brought to the light, will sparkle with such brilliancy as to send a thrill of delight through the frame of the beholder. The life of the pearl diver, is a strange, and toilsome one, he has to combat with the wild waves, not as floating on their surface, but immersed beneath them. He may truly be called "the wrestler with the sea,"—swiftly, and silently does his life waste away; for the constitution of man is not fitted for such labors. Thus life is sacrificed in searching for those deep hidden treasures which will add lustre to beauty, and wealth to riches. But the mild ray of the pearl continues to attract the gaze and excite the admiration of the multitude, long after he who found it in the cells of the ocean, has passed away, and is forgotten. Thus it is with the gems of thought. They are not found upon the surface of the mind, exposed to the world that all may select without labor. No! they are hidden in the deep recesses of the soul, and he who would produce them from thence must toil long, and diligently. The mind is like the unfathomed sea. We neither know, nor can know its contents, or power, but every effort discloses new mysteries,—mysteries of the mind! They are numberless. We ask ourselves what are they; whence are they? We think for a moment that we almost comprehend them, that one more thought will place them within our reach; we extend the hand to receive them, but the delusion is past, the phantom is fled, and we, unable to answer our own inquiries. We gaze, we admire, we wonder.

The pearls of the mind are far more valuable than those of the ocean, and yet more difficult to obtain; for instead of the elements there are dark passions to encounter, instead of diving beneath the waves of the sea, the strong bars of the mind must be broken, its gates unlocked, and deepest darkness penetrated. Far below the "gulf of the soul" these jewels lie, and not unfrequently do we meet those who are sacrificing even life at the shrine of thought. When these gems are presented to our enraptured souls, we think not of the painful moments that have been spent in producing them, that every thought has wrong the

life blood from the heart, and every gem made the eye more sunken and the foot step heavier.—The pearls of the mind are not of mortal mould, for when the starry diamond in beauties crown shall have worn away, when the still more beautiful pearl shall have dissolved in its own liquid light, and he who sought so diligently to enrich the literary world by his productions shall have passed like a bright cloud from earth, then, even then, shall they exist shining on, and increasing in splendor, until time shall be no more, when they will be transferred from earth to another region, where the pure atmosphere shall brighten their radiance, and render them immortal. *HELEN.*

#### EMULATION.

It is a common practice with instructors to tell a particular scholar that he learns better than another, calling the other by name; or that there are only so many in the school that learn as well as he. On the other hand, a dull scholar is sometimes told how much better this or that schoolmate studies and learns than he does. The influence of such remarks, both upon those to whom they were addressed and upon others by whom they are heard, is obvious. But the most powerful means of exciting emulation, is, by marks of distinction and honor. There are in common schools, the having a "head" to every class; and the giving to those who keep at the head a certain length of time, "certificates" of approbation, or insignia of honor to be carried home, perhaps suspended from the neck; and publicly bestowing rewards on the individuals who have distinguished themselves.—The effect of these marks of distinction and honor is greatly increased by the commendations which are bestowed on those who obtain them, and the cold neglect, and sometimes censure, suffered by those who do not. The child who holds the precedence in his class, is generally praised, flattered, and caressed, by his parents and others, on account of it. And to make the matter still worse, these honors and caresses are usually obtained, not by superior assiduity, but merely by being able to learn with greater facility.

J. L. PARKHURST.

#### GOVERN YOUR SCHOOL.

"Order is Heaven's first law."

Without subordination on the part of your scholars, without good government on your own, you may as well expect the course of nature to change, as that your school will make any considerable progress. In order to be able to govern your pupils, remember you must govern yourselves. If the instructor have but little command over his own feelings, if he be angry at one time, fretful at another, easily excited to laughter at another—he cannot exhibit that firmness of purpose, which always commands respect. 'Correction administered in anger has no effect to humble or reclaim the offender.' It shows even to a child,

that he who administers it, is guilty of a fault as great as his own. Temptations to excitement will undoubtedly occur. A scholar may be impatient;—from his ignorance of good manners, or in a sudden gust of passion, he may, perhaps, grossly insult you. Hardly anything is more apt to call forth anger, than an insult from an inferior.—But still the indulgence of anger is very unwise. If a pupil commit a fault he ought certainly to be called to an account; but if the teacher, by an unmanly indulgence of passion, descend to the level of a child, he cannot expect to benefit him materially by any correction administered in such a state of mind.

There is another particular, in which it is very important you should govern yourselves. Be careful to make no contemptuous remarks concerning any of your pupils. Such remarks may excite a smile from the rest of the school, but it will not be the smile of approbation. The affections of that pupil, you have lost; and every effort, to benefit him by your instructions, will do him very little good. You may, and will often see things that might seem to give occasion for such remarks but as your design is to benefit your scholars, use a proper method to correct the fault, and there let it rest. If the pupil make a blunder, he may be reproved calmly for his carelessness, but never should it be made the butt of ridicule.

It is of equal importance that you should govern yourselves in regard to such speeches as may hold up families in derision. You may see many things, in family management to excite a smile, and many things which really deserve censure.—But such censure does not come well from the instructor of their children. To be ridiculed by the schoolmaster will have very little effect to correct improprieties. If you say anything at all let it be simply a remark on what has been the mode or what has been the opinion of others, and leave the school to draw the inference for themselves. I will not blame you for being diverted, sometimes, at what you may observe in family management. I know well that the eccentricity, sometimes observable, cannot fail to amuse or to vex you. But still, keep your reflections to yourselves.

Some of these points may appear of very trifling importance to you, but much of your success, in the business of teaching, depends on little things.

After having used proper exertions to govern yourselves, you will be prepared to govern those placed under your care. An important object will have been gained, when you have brought yourselves to feel that to govern the school is of primary importance, and that you can and will have proper discipline and order. When you have imbibed these feelings your scholars will read them in your countenance, and will expect nothing else. But the moment the instructor in-

dulges in the apprehension, that he cannot govern—that it is impossible for him to have order, he may just as well tell his feelings to the whole school; the scholars will not be slow to read his thoughts, and will "govern themselves accordingly."

It is not my design to say, that all have equal ability to govern, or that the object is accomplished when the teacher has made the decided resolve to be master; but I wish to be understood to say, that no one can exercise a proper and uniform authority, any longer than he believes he can do so. This is a natural principle. When we believe we can obtain a desired object, we try, but when we think we cannot, our efforts are feeble.

HALL'S LECTURES.

#### ORATION.

*Delivered before the Literary Societies of the Wesleyan University, August 3rd, 1841*

BY REV. PROF. JOHN NEWLAND MAFFITT.

(Continued.)

The object of intellectual cultivation is, no doubt, as said by one author, "to enlarge the understanding; polish the taste; strengthen the reasoning faculties, and to give habits of patient attention, deliberate, independent judgement, and to unite with these the attainment of useful, practical knowledge, as well as to furnish mental exercises." To gain these objects, attention and study are requisite, as well as thought. The intellect must act for itself upon the subjects brought before it; its perceptions must be brightened by intense mental labor; and the habit must be acquired of self-reliance, not only on its own powers, but in its own taste. The energies of intellectual life require thoroughly furnished minds, having a cool command of every instrument, or avenue of approach, to other minds. The man of intellectual power sufficient to form his own opinion correctly, and then to control the opinions of ninety-nine others, is a hundred strong. He represents a body; he is no longer a single individual; he has the suffrages and the power of a multitude.

The single resolution to know, not only the meaning of, but the reason for, every accessible subject that comes under the consideration of any intellect, will carry one much farther towards the goal of perfection, and the full development of mental power, than many seem to be aware.—This resolution will carry one far into the nature and analogies of things. A word, for instance, is spoken or written, on some peculiar occasion.—The intellect is charmed with its fitness, and follows it back in its history to some other language, perhaps to that from which it is derived. In its origin, the word alludes to some peculiar rite, or custom, or time hallowed locality, which links it to associations, of rich interest and unwasting



grandeur. Thus, the full development of the intellect, includes a study of the origin and philosophy of language; and the richer in philosophy and associations, either sentimental or historical, any language may be, the greater is the benefit which intellect derives from its study. There are reasons strong enough to sustain the linguist as he reads with patient labor, the language of those departed nations who were either illustrious in arms, in Arts, in Science, in Literature or Philosophy. From the Mathematics the intellect gains its love of truth and demonstration; and is armed with a new power over matter, running lines and angles where none save the foot of an angel hath trod, or his spirit wing waved on some errand of his ministry. Aided thus, the intellect measures the mighty cycles of nature. Every thing vast and distant, dipped in space, and hung by canopied clouds, is measured by the mathematician's rule, spanning the void across which scarce a twinkling beam hath found its way, from the dawn of creation, to the hour when La Place, and Herschel, and Olmstead, and Epply, talked with the stars, the meteors, and the storms. There is nothing too great for such an intellect to reach or grasp. Its limitless range of thought is as wide on the right hand and on the left, as the operations of Almighty Power. It scans the purposes of Deity, while it investigates the properties, and controls the energies of matter. It is quicker than the lightning, while it emulates its power; it is as aid of him, that his understanding resembled the tent which the fairy Paribonou gave to Prince Ahmed. Fold it, and it seemed a toy for a lady's hand; spread it, and the armies of powerful Sultans, might repose beneath its shade. To give to the human mind a direction which it shall retain for ages, is a rare prerogative of a few imperial spirits. This was Bacon's prerogative. The true philosophical temperament may be described in a few words; much hope, little faith, a disposition to believe that anything, however extraordinary, may be done, an indisposition to believe that any thing extraordinary has been done. In these points the constitution of Bacon's mind seems to have been absolutely perfect. A writer has elegantly applied to him the elevated stand in intellectuality, which Milton gave to the scope of his Archangel, who first surveyed the new creation.

"Round he surveys (and well might where he stood  
So high above the circling canopy  
Of night's extended shade) from eastern point  
Of Libra, to the fleecy star, that bears  
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas  
Beyond th' horizon."

He wrote of himself: "I have taken all knowledge to be my province." Every thing that study could accomplish was his. His fame was greener than the laurel. His power was that of a monarch; yet amidst all this intellectual wealth and splendor, a reach of intellect rarely surpassed, and which distanced all that antiquity had done before him, and shaped the judgement, the rea-

son, and the philosophy of all coming time, there was an awful defect in his education, which sent him, notwithstanding his great powers, a heart-broken, drivelling, and despised old man, to his grave. There was that in him which more than justified Pope's antithesis;—"The greatest, wisest, meekest of mankind." Before this audience, I need not go into a delineation of the character of the great father of the inductive philosophy; or tell how he amassed a fortune of a hundred thousand pounds by arts that would have disgraced the vilest pettifogger that ever lived before a jury, or white-washed guilt with a tongue as foul as corruption itself. I need not tell that the illustrious Chancellor of the realm, whose justice should have been as irreproachable, and free from stain, as the ermine on his robe, accepted large presents from persons engaged in Chancery suits; that he sold his decisions for gold; that he basely deserted the friend through whose influence he rose to power; that he became his bitterest enemy; and by the charms of his irresistible eloquence and pen, foreclosed every ray of hope to the unfortunate Essex: and in his death damned his own reputation; consigned all that man holds high and dear in principle, to an abyss blacker than Erebus.

In the above dreadful example, my purpose has been mainly to introduce the last and chief division of my subject—The moral power of Education.—This was what Bacon lacked! This was the desideratum which made him vulnerable; and allied his splendid and far-reaching intellect to the lowest association of moral degradation. By the moral power of education, I mean its influence on the heart, and upon the formation of principle. The memory may be freighted with the lore of all time; the fancy laden with every thing glittering in the rainbow of genius; the judgment may be perfected; and every intellectual power elevated to a giant proportion; and yet the man is not half made. The object of his education is not half accomplished; and in the midst of all his intellectual wealth, the man of mind, may be a moral beggar. This is a point in my subject which requires a master hand to throw its own imperishable colors on the canvass of time; colors, which when the strongest seen there, are but the eclipse of that bolder moral picturing which eternity bears upon its unwasting tableaux.

**TELEMACHUS.**—The *Telemachus* was the third production of Fenelon, and written for the instruction of an Eastern prince, who, manifested in early life a fondness for mythology. Its publication was owing to the treachery of a domestic whom he had employed to transcribe the manuscript, and who took a copy for himself. Malignity rendered this work injurious to Louis XIV of France, by seeking in it allusions to his reign, and for which its worthy author was banished from the royal favor, and court of France.

### THEOLOGICAL EDUCATION.

There is no station in life so responsible and replete with cares and labor as that of the Gospel ministry. The object for which it was established is one of infinite value, as the effects of its ministrations will be as lasting as the mind. And the preparation therefore for its faithful and efficient discharge should be commensurate to the high, and holy design of its establishment.

The professional man, the physician, and the lawyer, whose business is infinitely inferior to the clergyman, is required to spend a certain portion of time in diligent and special preparation, before he is permitted to engage in the duties of his profession. And must not he whose "work might fill an angels heart, and filled the Saviour's hands," call to his aid all these collateral helps which would give efficiency to his labors, and render him more eminently successful in promoting the interests of morality and religion. The Gospel minister puts not forth his energies to pluck the fading flowers of a day, but the priceless gems which shall sparkle, like stars of the first magnitude, in the crown of his rejoicing forever. But he labors not merely to wreath his brow, with ever blooming laurels in glory, but to increase the happiness of his fellow men, by spreading peace, harmony, and love, through all the circles in which he moves. He must stand in defence of truth, a monument at which the shafts of contention, from the bow of skepticism, and infidelity are hurled with all the skill and power, of genius, sophistry and talent,—must stand in the front of the contest, and receive the heaviest, deadliest strokes of the enemy of his cause. He is designed also, instrumentally, to send conviction to the hearts of men, to break in upon the careless slumbers of conscience, and arouse her to the painful task of reproach and condemnation, and to reprove sin in all its forms, and like Nathan, to sound in royal ears, if need be, "Thou art the man." Nations are to be called upon to repent—the depravity of the heart is to be exposed—the mad career of the world is to be checked, and one universal and radical change is to be accomplished, before that notable day, when all shall know the Lord. Thus we see the necessity of a special preparation for its accomplishment.

The time may have been, when society did not so imperiously demand it. But now, since the light of truth, and knowledge has been diffused through community, by the different institutions of learning, and the darkness and ignorance, which have long seroped the minds of the people have been dispelled, to sustain the sacred office, the christian minister must acquire that amount of knowledge, that his opinions may be respected, and regarded by all his auditors. The time has come when the ignorant can no longer teach. The enlightened community are being aroused upon this subject. It involves too high interests to be bound longer by the chains of ignorance and pre-

justice, for the prosperity of the church and world are at stake. The civilization of the savage tribes of the forest—the christianization of the thousands and millions that bow in idolatrous worship, depend upon the character and efficiency of the holy ministry. Not that we would substitute any thing in the place of a Divine call, or undervalue the inspiring influence of the Divine spirit, but Deity works by means, and requires that these means should be rendered as efficient as possible, by the acquisition of human knowledge. In view of these facts the indifferent are waking up to this important subject—prejudice is throwing off her fetters, the vast machinery of the church and world are being set in motion, and may we not hope, that the day is not far distant, when all the advantages of theological education shall be duly appreciated by the church, and possessed by the ministry.

ZETA.

## THE RECORD OF DEATH.

Most happy they, whom least his arts deceive,  
One eye on death, and one full fix'd on Heaven,  
Becomes a mortal and immortal man.—*Young.*

'Tis mournfully pleasant to review the past.—To call up former friends and in fancy invest them with all the activity, loveliness and innocence of youth, greatly enhances the pleasures of life. We drink the second time the draught of pleasure.—Looking back through the vista of the past, memory, forgetful of the little troubles which then annoyed us, spreads before us, in living colors, the happy scenes and friends of former years. The connections which are formed between teachers and pupils are of an interesting character. No discordant, sordid interests arise to check their friendly intercourse, no rankling envy embitters their early joys, but the happiness, and prosperity of each, are inseparably connected. Nothing can impart more heart-felt satisfaction to the teacher, than to witness the aspiring genius, and the manly development of the intellectual, and moral powers of his pupils, and, how frequently does he look forward with interest, to the period when the minds which he has cultivated will take an active part in swaying the destinies of man for weal or woe. But how frequently are his fondest expectations blasted! Youths of the greatest promise shun not the arrows of death. Their strongest desires to contribute to the happiness of the world form no invincible barrier to the universal foe of man.—These reflections have arisen from examining the records of Newbury Seminary, and marking the names of those whose deaths we have heard.—Two who have been connected with our board of instruction have been called to enter upon their unchanging state. Having possessed, naturally, strong mental powers, and having enjoyed the advantages of high intellectual culture, and the mild graces of christianity, they exerted a happy influence in the circles in which they moved.

Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,  
They sparkled, were exhaled, and went to heaven."

Four whose names are given below, either had entered, or were preparing to enter the holy ministry. Sacred are the recollections which cluster around their memories. Humble, zealous, and talented, they quickly finished their high commission, but closed their works with honor and success. Five had entered consubial relations, but earthly attachments, however ardent, and pure, could not secure the clay tenement from the cold and icy grasp of death. We shall give the names of all as they are entered upon the Seminary Records.

Miss Hannah W. Hardy, Preceptress.	Walden.
Miss Rosanna H. Corliss, Preceptress.	Lebanon, N. H.
John F. Gile,	Newbury.
Hannah Blaisdell,	Topsham.
George Chamberlain,	Newbury.
James M. Rogers,	Newbury.
Caroline E. Berry,	Stansstead, L. C.
Ruth Nourse,	Lowell.
Lucy B. Smith,	Royalton.
William C. Harding,	Hardland.
Charles Bosworth,	Plymouth, N. H.
A. Livermore,	Littleton, N. H.
James Penniman,	Lempster, N. H.
Susan H. Ainsworth,	Deering, N. H.
Fanny O. Chase,	Lebanon, N. H.
Marinda Carrier,	Windsor.
Sarah A. Storrs,	Walden.
Sylvester Bryant,	Fairlee.
David Montgomery,	Sanbornton, N. H.
Laura Hilland,	Libanon, N. H.
S. D. S. Gibson,	Newbury.
Irene Hollister,	Stoddard, N. H.
E. C. Johnson,	Lymau, N. H.
Elizabeth P. Knight,	Haverhill, N. H.
S. H. Fiddetford,	Haverhill, N. H.
Hannah Sanborn,	Montpelier.
Moses Eastman,	Hardwick.
George W. Bolton,	Montpelier.
S. S. Stebbins,	Barton.
Alonzo White,	Washington, D. C.
Orpha L. Beaton,	Washington.
Ben Buck,	Haverhill, N. H.
Maria H. White,	Guildhall.
Clarissa Sanborn,	Newbury.
Royal Cutler,	
Sophila George,	

## FABLE.

(FROM THE ITALIAN.)

Fire, Water and Honor once joined their property in common. And wishing to make a journey in company, they decided that before departing, it would be necessary to give some signal among themselves, in order that they might again find each other, should they by any accident be separated.

Said Water, "should you lose me, seek me not, where you see the earth, dry and parched, but where you discover willows, canes, alders, and tall and verdant grass, there seek me and you will

certainly find me." Added Fire, should I be so unfortunate as to be separated from you, bear well in mind—that where you see smoke, there shall I be—this is my signal." "As to me," said Honor, "open well your eyes, and fix them upon me, and hold me fast, for if ill-luck guides me out of the way, so that I am once lost, you will never again find me."

## DEFINITIONS OF A MAN.

Dim miniature of greatness absolute,  
Distinguished link in being's endless chain,  
Midway from nothing to the Deity,

Dr. Young.

Dust and shade.—*Job.*  
The image of a flower.—*Plautus.*  
A wolf to man.—*Diogenes.*  
The wisest and most foolish thing.—*Socrates.*  
A two footed, featherless animal.—*Aristotle.*  
A little world.—The spoil of time and the sport of fortune.—*Solon.*  
Rottenness at his birth, a beast in life, and food for worms after death.—*Scapho.*  
An idol.—*Ovid.*  
A celestial animal.—*Homer.*  
A falling leaf.—*Hesiod.*  
Calamity itself.—*Heinsius.*  
All that is good.—*Plotinus.*  
All that is bad.—*Anacharsis.*

CHILDREN.—Never utter an improper expression in the presence of a child, who is capable of conversation. Remember that a profane or obscene word thus spoken, will make an impression on the mind of the child, which it will not be in human power to erase; and which will grow up with him, and prove in some degree a curse to him during life. Break glasses, burn papers, or destroy furniture, sooner than soil the tender mind of a child.

## THE MIRROR.

The present number completes the volume of the Mirror, and as the time for which it was designed to continue has elapsed, no more numbers will be issued. Under more favorable circumstances we could have contributed more largely to the pleasure; and profit of our readers, yet, we trust, that the efforts which have been made, have given general satisfaction.

## SUBSCRIBERS.

There is still a large class of subscribers who have made no payment for the Mirror. We are exceedingly desirous to close all our accounts connected with the mirror immediately. Send us the money, good friends, and send it forthwith.

From the Post Master General. Remittances by mail. "A Postmaster may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of a third person, and frank the letter if written by himself."



